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INSCRIPTIONS.

THE fickleness of the populace has, in all ages and nations, been proverbial. Equally capricious and headstrong, they implicitly submit their actions to the guidance of feeling, and can rarely be persuaded to sacrifice first impressions, even on the altar of reason. Thus they are often led by they know not whom, to perpetrate they think not what: and hence, we may trace all the enormities of popular frenzy, and all the baseness of popular ingratitude. Enthusiasm, especially in large bodies of men, may be made the instrument of much good, or much evil ; and it will from its nature produce one or the other. To stimulate virtuous feelings to virtuous exertions, requires little ingenuity or address ; but to make the wild passions of men subservient to the public good, and to extract from poison an antidote to its venom, is a task as arduous as it is useful. But there is no evil so great that it cannot be made the mean of effecting some good purpose ; the only difficulty is in discovering this purpose, and judiciously applying to practice the method of procuring it. Impetuous feelings may be moulded into any shape by a skilful hand, and turned into any direc-

tion. Sensible of this truth, the great Spartan lawgiver established those national customs, that distinguished Lacedæmon from every other part of the world, and gave her that decided superiority, which she finally obtained over Greece.

Any thing, however trifling in itself, which will refine the restless passions of the people, and direct them into a proper channel, ought certainly to be valued. This refinement is not to be produced by reasoning with them, or by reading long moral lectures or political dissertations. It must be effected by means that speak to the heart, rather than to the understanding; that are addressed "to the many "that feel, and not to the few that reason." Every one is not blessed with the exercise of pure affections, but every one possesses a susceptibility of receiving them. It is not, perhaps, a light and unfounded opinion, that appropriate and striking inscriptions, constantly presented in various forms to the eye, may be made to have a pretty considerable effect on the morals and feelings of a people. That they should produce this effect, however, several circumstances are indispensably necessary. They should be short, pointed, and striking. They should have at least the inspiration of poetry, though they should want its measures; and should always either inculcate private virtues, or excite to publick ones. Thus far with respect to their composition. Another important consideration is their situation. They should be placed so as to receive additional force from the surrounding scenery. The face of nature around should correspond with the sentiments, which they are intended to convey, and thus contribute to heighten the effect.

Inscriptions may, properly enough, be divided into two classes: those that commemorate national events, and transmit to posterity admiration of public virtues and detestation of public vices; and those that are more private and more

removed from " the busy haunts of men." For both these kinds of inscriptions, the natural and political state of our country is remarkably favourable. The events of our revolution were rapid and glorious, and offer many opportunities to our countrymen of honouring the graves of departed excellence, and of proving that they are grateful; and the scenery of our country presents sublimity and beauty in a thousand varied forms. But all these advantages are utterly neglected. The places that witnessed the most glorious struggles of liberty, are not honoured by the poor tribute of a pillar, and even Washington himself sleeps in an undistinguished tomb, in the country, which he preserved.* This is an instance of republican ingratitude, and cannot urge in its defence even the merit of republican simplicity. Greece, in her purest and most flourishing state, gloried in erecting statues to the memory of departed worth. She did not tremble at the EXPENSE of erecting a national monument, or filch the garlands from the tombs of heroes, to bind them on the brows of insolent partisans. How pitiful, how disgraceful, that dinners and fourth of July orations should be all that exists to tell us that our country is free. But let not this censure be too unqualified: we *have* our publick monuments:—one at least may be mentioned. In a large and populous metropolis, the capital of New England; in a most beautiful and commanding situation; facing the most spacious public building in the state, as erst the temple of Jupiter towered opposite to the immoveable rock of the capitol, stands a monument! It is intended to perpetuate the memory of a spot, that is dear to every lover of freedom; and for its inscription are related the glorious events of our revolution. " How !" some transatlantick stranger would be ready to exclaim; " describe to me this spot, which A-" mericans must always regard with a glow of patriotism and

* See American Review.

" gratitude ; and on which, they must delight to exercise " their taste and skill. From what quarry was the marble " hewn for the construction of this shrine, sacred to liberty? " what artists were employed in erecting it? what is its " height? what the extent of its base? what are the mot- " toes? and whose statues adorn the niches?" Alas! alas! it were well for us to blush, if we have not lost the power, and be silent. This publick pillar, which, for its situation, the important object of its erection, and the greatness of the events which it commemorates, ought at least to possess the beauty of elegant simplicity ; this pillar, which should be the herald of our national honour, is but the penny trumpet that proclaims our disgrace. A few ugly, square stones, villainously cut, and still more villainously put together, form a kind of base ; above these are four huge rough slates, whose tedious uniformity of colour is pleasantly relieved by plentiful bedaubings of mortar ; upon these, *proh pudor!* are scratched out the events of our revolution. The rest is composed of those simple and truly republican materials, bricks and mortar ; and the whole is surmounted by a gilded eagle, that bears a marvellous resemblance to an overgrown goose, who, seemingly wearied of his elevation, has spread his wings for flight, but is too clumsy and unwieldy to release himself from his jeopardy. What ridiculous mockery is this! Had no monument been erected, nothing but our negligence or ignorance of propriety could be censured ; but, as it is, we have built with our own hands " the eye- " sore of" our " Piræus." We have shown that we know what is right, but are too mean or spiritless to practise it. But we return from a digression, into which indignation has perhaps transported us too far.

The precepts of virtue would be enforced in the eves of the vulgar, when so many objects of daily observation shewed the reverence, with which they were regarded. An edge

would thus be given to the moral sense, and men would be ashamed of committing actions and indulging passions, which were continually held up to them as objects of detestation. The change of manners would, of course be gradual and imperceptible, but it would be sure. The passions are powerful auxiliaries, when enlisted on the side of virtue, and arguments, addressed to the senses and feelings of the populace, will not be spent in air. What though the heart be rude and the affections uncultivated? none are so barren as to be incapable of culture. Unless the moral sense has been obtunded by a course of vice, there is no one, in whom even the more refined affections may not be excited. What are martial musick and banners, inscribed with patriotick sentiments and exhortations, but to stimulate heroick exertion? The same principle holds true with regard to those scenes that awaken milder feelings. Who does not "hold "his breath to hear" pastoral musick, echoing amidst rural and delightful scenery? The effect that may be produced by inscriptions is strikingly analogous to these. In both cases, the appeal is made to the heart through the medium of the senses. An inscription possessing all the requisites, that have been mentioned above, animates, as it were, the marble on which it is engraved, and makes it speak to us: the column that bears it is an embodied spirit.

We cannot here forbear transcribing an inscription, written by Southey, and intended for a column at Truxillo, the birth-place of Pizarro. Dr. Drake quotes it as one of uncommon excellence, in his Literary Hours.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO.

"Pizarro here was born: a greater name
"The list of glory boasts not: toil, and want,
"And danger never from his course deterred
"This daring soldier. Many a fight he won,

" He slaughtered thousands, he subdu'd a rich
" And ample realm : such were Pizarro's deeds ;
" And wealth, and power, and fame were his rewards
" Among mankind.—There is another world.—
" Oh reader ! if you earn your daily bread,
" By daily labour, if your lot be low,
" Be hard and wretched ;—thank the gracious God,
" Who made you, that you are not such as he."

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

No. V.

My dear son, notwithstanding what my letters to you have frequently urged, with respect to the impropriety of pursuing, in college, professional studies, I have reason to wish you well informed of the several motives, which must finally influence you in the choice of a profession. I think however that besides this, it is of some consequence to a student to know distinctly the grounds of studying any profession. Of every class that is graduated, some of the members embrace the business of commerce, and it is the object of this letter to furnish you with some considerations, which may induce you not to be of their number. You will not think however that because I undervalue the mercantile life, I fail in respect for those who have adopted it. You know that some of my best feiends are merchants, and of course you will perceive that what I say is of the profession, and the tendency of its influence, and not of those who have made it their own. We will consider then the pleasures of a mercantile life.

There seems, at the first view, to be something illiberal in a profession, whose immediate and direct object is the requisition of wealth. The merchant does not import his car-

goes from a wish to supply the deficiencies or accommodate the wants of his customers, but to fill his own pockets. And what is his business but a magnificent way of running errants ? His customers tell him that they want a bale of West country cloths, and he replies, that he will go to England for them, if they will pay him so much. But in the profession of Divinity, Law, or Physick, when undertaken from honourable motives, the first object is the eternal interests of men, or the assertion of justice and correction of abuses, or the healing of diseases and alleviating of pains. These are the primary objects of the liberal man of any profession ; his reward is but secondary, and is given him because the labourer is worthy of his hire. But the most liberal minded merchant in the world cannot have a nobler motive, in importing a cargo of cloth, of cutlery, or of rum, than to make money. The matter cannot be sublimed into susceptibility of a generous motive. Having then something illiberal in the very nature of its object, the profession of a merchant must be unpleasing to the noble mind : and in the preparatory acquisition of their principles which life is preferable ? To a scholar, who has spent four years among learned professions and literary exercises, I can conceive of nothing more grating, than casting discounts, packing up goods, and taking accompt of stock ; following a tyrannical customer, watching the wavering of his mind, and moving at his nod ; making out bills, copying invoices, and drafting orders. This is worse than studying Espinasse or My Lord Coke. It is worse, bad as it is, than filling writs or drawing deeds ; for here, though the justice attained be petty, it is justice. Surely it is worse than anatomical, medicinal, and chemical studies, which are some of the most attractive in the circle of science. Above all it is worse than learning to preach, and to pray, to govern your own passions, and to subdue those of others.

In the *practice* of the merchant's life, when his apprenticeship is expired and his business established, what are the pleasures? Be they what they will, they are the sure reward of no industry, prudence, perseverance, or sagacity. A gale of wind may blow them all away, and they may vanish at the nod of a tyrant, whose throne is separated from you by oceans, and who never heard of your name. The merchant's pleasures may be burnt by a fire. One fatal conflagration might sweep off his wealth, and his hopes forever. They may be turned to pain and poverty, by the misfortunes and frauds of others; and after a merchant has been assiduous and laborious, the child of industry, and the darling of fortune, and has seen the diligence and success of a long life crowned by affluence; courtesy or accident may compel him to lend his name to another's obligations, and his wealth be thus appropriated to supply the villanies or neglects of others. Such a dependence on chance and on others must have a great influence in souring the good humour and irritating the equanimity, if not in corrupting the integrity of the merchant's mind.

Nature seems to have placed her seal on the inferiority of the merchant's life, inasmuch as she has made the body so much beneath the mind. In proportion to the excellence of the mind, does it deserve cultivation. But the merchant, if he be, as he ought, assiduous, diligent, faithful, the thermometer of the ocean, and the storehouse of news, has little time to spare for the improvement of his taste, or of his imagination, reason, and judgment. Literary excellence is even no advantage to a merchant. He may rise high in reputation, and be ignorant, rude, and uncultivated. Still you may observe how solicitous rich merchants are, that their sons be professional men; and I scarce ever heard of one, that did not send his children to college, and do every thing but exert his authority to force them into a profession. The

name, which we give to the education, that fits a man for a profession, seems to mark its eminence. It is called a *liberal* education, and it is indeed the education, which the mind deserves and demands.

But you will tell me of the munificence and the liberality, which may distinguish the merchant. I will say nothing of the tendency of his pursuits to deaden the generous dispositions of the mind, but will point out to you a common errour, that is made, in estimating his profession. It is this, that we forget the means, by which he must acquire his wealth, in displaying the good purposes, to which he may apply it. The illiberality, which must precede and procure the wherewithal for his liberality, we pass over. Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant, but he found no rule in his ledger, his cash book, or his interest book, which taught him to collect classical manuscripts and Grecian statues. He might learn from his business to protect a cargo by insurance, but not to foster the infancy of science. He might learn from it, to send a ship to Smyrna for silk chair bottoms, but not to Mount Athos for Quinctilian or Valerius Flaccus. Finally, if he was wont to transport Pamphilian slaves to tune his harp, he was brought by that never the nigher to affording a birth to a Greek professour.

Will you now hear the pleasures of a professional life? Is a man a lawyer, his pleasures are pure and liberal. Every good man feels a satisfaction, at the promotion of the cause of justice. This satisfaction is heightened in the lawyer, by the reflection, that is his own profession, and frequently his own exertions in it, by which the cause of justice is asserted. It is the upright lawyer only, who enjoys in its purity and extent the happiness, which the community partakes, in the preservation of justice and the correction of abuses. We all know the pleasure, which we derive, in casual attendance in the courts of justice, from see-

ing the injured righted, the unjust man disappointed, and the villain detected. How much greater would this pleasure be, could you say, it is the practice of my profession, which rights the injured; it is my profession, which defeats the unjust; it is my profession, which betrays the guilty, from the cover and the subterfuges of contrivance and art. But how infinitely greater this pleasure, could you say, I myself have asserted the cause of the injured, have opposed the devices of the unjust, have dragged the criminal to detection! Do you who are an uninterested spectator rejoice, when you see the exertions of a famous pleader successful, what is his joy in the triumph of this success?

The pleasures of a physician's life are such as the humane ever feel in the alleviation of pains and the healing of diseases. Do you object that it is a life of toil; that it would call you from the refreshment of the table, and the repose of your bed; that it would interdict you the pleasures of society? You need only to consult the members of the profession, to know how lightly they regard these inconveniences, nay, how gladly they incur them; for they are the measures of usefulness, and the indices of reputation.

But the pleasures of the clergyman's life are more exquisite than those of either of the other professions. They are those, which arise from the comparative subjection of his own passions. If his profession prohibits the grosser pleasures of life, it unfits him for their enjoyment, and it disinclines him from their indulgence. Such is his happiness with regard to himself. Besides, after a life of exertion, that success of his labours, which he may hope from a heavenly blessing on them, will show him the vices of his people reformed, their errours corrected, their animosities conciliated, their notions of morality refined, their sentiments of religion made rational, their belief in its truths confirmed, and their merit of its promises advanced. He will have seen their

doubts removed, their ignorance instructed, their infidelity converted, their distresses comforted, and their hopes excited.

Of *all* the professions it may be observed, that success in them depends on one's self. The merchant's property is the sport of fortune and of strangers. But the man of talents and assiduity, whose natural capacity has been improved by patient study, whose intentions are honourable, whose integrity is unspotted, and whose conscience is clean, will as infallibly rise to professional respectability and to competence, as causes will produce their effects. It is not in the power of envy, jealousy, and malice, of political enemies, of time, or of chance, finally to depress the deserving.

Let not these observations be regarded as imputations on any body of men, for I disclaim them; and I know that the mercantile line includes those, who might have adorned the highest stations of professional and literary eminence.

Your affectionate father.

HISTORICAL TRUTH.

The difficulty of abtaining correct historical knowledge, is manifestly great. Writers are ever ready to record the events of preceding ages, and canvass the characters of those, who can no longer be reformed by their censure; but few, indeed, have the courage to publish an impartial narrative of their own times, where truth compels them, at every step, to expose the misconduct, the follies, and the vices of cotemporaries. The most faithful historians have often hesitated, as they approached their own times; they have felt, that the principal actors in the scenes to be recorded were still too powerful to hear the truth, or that the prejudices of party rendered men unfit to receive it;—and thus the his-

tory of present transactions is neglected, till time has buried the distinctions of party, and united friends and foes in the dust; till none remain to record or to testify the truth, and succeeding historians are compelled to supply by conjecture, what preceding cowardice dared not transmit.

An event in our own history suggested these reflections. The acquittal of captain Preston and six of his soldiers, who committed the outrage upon the inhabitants of Boston on the fifth of March, 1770, has been celebrated as an everlasting memorial of American justice. Let us not be deceived. The praises of our ancestors are of little value, if their foundation is a fable. Take, then, the simple truth, as transmitted by an eye-witness. If the statement is incorrect, perhaps men still live, who can contradict it.

It is well known, that in trials for murder or manslaughter, the prisoner can reject, or "challenge," according to the technical phrase, a certain number from the jury, without assigning any reason, and as many more as can be refused upon legal grounds. Now, in the trial in question, it was determined by the friends of the prisoners, that they should challenge every juryman upon some suspicious pretence, and then the sheriff would be compelled to bring in, according to custom, the nearest spectators, which they had also been careful should be persons well affected to their cause. Thus they were acquitted, perhaps by an honest and impartial verdict; but not by their enemies, as is generally pretended.

I must now stop to beg forgiveness of our oratours for the fourth of July; for if the above account is correct, they have lost forever their old and favourite opportunity to expatiate on Bostonian justice.

Every ingenuous American, while he feels an interest in the honours of his country, must at the same time wish to see it maintained upon true ground, and can never desire to see it magnified by fiction. To say, that the citizens of

Boston, enraged as they were against the British soldiers, could have had their eyes open to justice, would be to say, that human nature had changed since the time of the rebellion under Charles I, or of the French revolution; and that the Americans were then uninfected with that frenzy, which was fast precipitating them into open opposition to England, and which alone enabled them to achieve the miracle of American independence. You may say, that the Americans were more brave than ever people were; I hear you with pleasure; you may say, that their honour and virtue are unequalled; I listen with exultation; you may say, that they alone enjoy and understand true freedom; I feel an internal pride; you may say, their prosperity equals their virtue and wisdom; I rejoice at it:—but when you declare, that in the verge of rebellion they were unbiassed by prejudice against their oppressors; you call them more than men; your zeal for your countrymen has precipitated you beyond the bounds of truth, and has betrayed you into the regions of absurdity, and even an American begins to distrust your veracity, or your judgment.

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

JURISPRUDENCE.

A REMARKABLE singularity prevailed in the jurisprudence of the middle ages, in consequence of the well known custom of affixing different values to the lives and limbs of men, which obtained at that time all over Europe. When a person, says an eminent antiquary, removed from one

kingdom or province to another, he did not change his laws, but his life and limbs continued to be valued at the same rate they had formerly been ; and any injury that was done to him was compensated according to the laws of his native, and not according to those of the country, in which he resided. This gave those persons, who removed from a rich country into a poor one, much greater, and those, who removed from a poor country into a rich one, much less security for their lives, limbs, and properties. The nose of a Spaniard, for example, was perfectly safe in England, because it was valued at thirteen marks ; but the nose of an Englishman run a great risk in Spain, because it was valued only at twelve shillings. An Englishman might have broken a Welshman's head for a mere trifle ; but few Welshmen could afford to return the compliment.

THE ENGLISH.

It is well known that students used to resort to the university of Paris from all parts of Europe ; and that it was almost indispensable to the character of a learned man, to have visited this celebrated seat of learning. The English in particular were so numerous, that they occupied several schools or colleges ; and were so remarkable for their genius and learning, as well as for the generous and liberal manner in which they lived, that they attracted the notice of strangers. This appears from the following lines, describing the behaviour of a stranger on his first arrival in Paris, which are quoted by Dr. Henry, and said to have been written A. D. 1170.

" Pexus et ablutus tandem progressus in urbem
" Intrat ecclesiam, vota precesque facit.
" Inde scholas adiens, secum deliberat, utrum

" Expediat potius illa vel ista schola.
" Et quia subtiles sensu considerat Anglos
" Pluribus ex causis se sociavit iis.
" Moribus egregii, verbo vultuque venusti
" Ingenio pollent, consilioque vigent.
" Dona pluunt populis, et detestantue avæos
" Fercula multiplicant, et sine lege bibunt."

TRANSLATION.

" The stranger dressed, the city first surveys,
" A church he enters, to his God he prays.
" Next to the school he hastens, each he views,
" With care examines, anxious which to chuse.
" The English most attract his prying eyes,
" Their manners, words, and looks pronounce them wise.
" Theirs is the open hand, the bounteous mind ;
" Theirs solid sense with sparkling wit combined :
" Their graver studies jovial banquets crown,
" Their rankling cares in flowing bowls they drown."

CONSCIENCE.

DURING the debate upon the adoption of the constitution of our state, while the delegates were discussing the article, which secures to the people liberty of conscience, one of the members observed, that although liberty of conscience was secured to every religious sect, yet no provision was made for those, who professed no religion ;—it was answered, " such as have no religion, acknowledge no God, and " therefore could have no conscience." The article was approved without further deliberation.

POETRY.

IN the Tragedy of Sophocles, entitled ΑΙΑΣ ΜΑΣΤΙΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ, there is a Strophe of fourteen lines, which, whether according to the intention of the author or not, we will not undertake to decide, has the termination of each line corresponding with that of another in rhyme. The Strophe itself is so beautiful in its sentiments, and contains so much pathetick elegance, we were induced to translate it for the gratification of our readers. For the sake of the classical scholar, we will insert the original. It is the exclamation of the Chorus at the misery of Ajax' mother, when the news of her son's deliverance and disgraceful death should arrive. It needs scarcely any straining to perceive that the five first lines correspond in rhyme; as also the sixth and seventh, the eighth and ninth, the eleventh and twelfth, and the tenth and two last. We shall take the liberty therefore of entitling it,

A SONNET FROM SOPHOCLES.

Η πυ παλαιᾷ
Ἔντροφος ἀμέρᾳ,
Λευκῷ δε γήρᾳ
Ματηρ, νιν ὅταν νοσοῦντα
Φρενομόρως ἀκουσῃ,
Αἴλινον αἴλινον,
Οὐδ' οἰχτρας γόον
Ὄρνιθος ακδοῦς
Ἥσει δύσμορος·
Ἀλλ' ὀξυτόνους μεν ᾠδὰς
Θρηνήσει· χερόπληκτοι
Δ' ἐν στέρνοισι πεσοῦνται
Δυποι, και πολιᾶς
Ἀμύγματα χαίτας.——

TRANSLATION.

Ah, hapless mother, when thy anxious ear
The woe fraught tidings shall receive,

Of him, who to thy bosom is so dear,
How will thy anguished spirit grieve!
Embitter'd is the evening of thy day;
Nor wilt thou like the nightingale,
In plaintive notes pour forth thy sorrowing lay,
But in loud shrieks thy woes bewail.
Those hands now trembling with protracted age,
Shall beat against that aged breast,
And urg'd by ecstacy and desperate rage,
Shall from thy head in anguish tear,
The scanty locks of scatter'd hair,
That whiten round thy brow, in sorrow's wrinkles
[drest.

THE AD,

A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

THE arts of rising in the world--Marriage—Poetry—Dolphins—Geese—British cruisers—Spithead—Portsmouth in England—Portsmouth in America—Aphorisms of two kinds, sharp and flat.

We regret that the conclusion of the Lyceum must, among all its other unfortunate consequences, involve the contraction of our notices of the ninth and last books of the AD. But as we are unwilling that this immortal poem should go forth to the world in an imperfect state, and to show that the spirit of Mr. Lowbard shines brightly, through the work, that the eagle of his genius never tires, but alights with unwearied majesty on the latest line, we have selected a few specimens from its two last books.

The ninth book of the AD is an admirable compendium of saving prudence, and teaches the art of rising in the

world. The author does not maintain any preference over either of two ways of rising, which he unfolds; but displaying them both to the reader, leaves the deduction of superiority to him. The first is marriage with a President's daughter, the second writing a poem.

If then you wish to reach the shrine of fame,
Light the bright ardours of the tender flame.
Learn how to heave the gentle desperate sigh,
To fill with tears the love-revealing eye.
Watch the dear object, with unceasing care,
And the still smile of self-pleased bondage wear.
Read every look, interpret every wink,
Laugh when she smiles, and with her terrours shrink,
Think with her reason, by her judgment move,
Die if she frown, and live but if she love.
Thus shall the pride of place adorn your life,
The Great Man's daughter shall become your wife.
Then shall the Capitol your laws receive,
Your bills engross, and your reports believe.
Britain shall seek your mighty power to please,
While your nonintercourse blockades her seas.
But if a bolder course your soul demand,
Seize the good goose quill, with poetick hand.
Write and write on, until the prize befal,
Visions, Columbiads, histories,—write them all.
Hail happy man! I see promotion's rays
Shine round thy path, and on thy labours blaze.
Mount then the bark, and skim the azure plain
That parts our luckless shores from France's reign.
Fair gales shall waft thee to the imperial shore,
No waves shall toss, no winds and storms shall roar.
Dolphins shall crowd to be thy rich repast,
And errant geese shall nestle round thy mast.
No British cruiser shall arrest thy course,
Frigates nor brigs obtrude their saucy force.
Not the proud barks, in Spithead's docks that lie,
Nor all the ships, that Portsmouth yards supply.
Portsmouth—great name—thou foster dame of wit!
Oh what a fire of fame thy son has lit.

Through the dark clouds that shroud our leaden days,
His book shall shine, with sense defying blaze.
Fame round his path her gifts already showers,
And twines a wreath of Aporistick flowers.
But we digress—I see the envoy's sail
Approach the coast, and flutter in the gale:
Leave Cherburg's towers, to turn the refluent tide,
And wind the Seine, in diplomatick pride
  I see thee now, o'er all the highest raised,
By rulers envied, and by people praised.
So some smart boy, whose youthful years proclaim
The happy promise of his future fame;
On Thursday afternoon, from school set free,
For lawless apples climbs the tempting tree.
The owner distant far—no fear restrains
His contributions on the rich pear-mains.
With venturous step, he climbs the arbor's crown,
Straddles a limb, and lets his legs hang down.
Beneath, his fellows hungry, lynx-eyed, mute,
Wait the dear largess of deciduous fruit.
They seize the apples, which the urchin deals,
Who swells with pride, and all his potence feels.
  So on some summer eve, the swelling note
Pours forth melodious, from the tree-toad's throat.
Voices conjoined in shrill accordance rise,
Charm the rapt ear, and tremble round the skies;
But still one master note perceptive swells
Shakes bolder trills, and louder, longer dwells;
From sturdier lungs his musick floats abroad,
His the proud chorister, the leader toad.
His signal moves the train—obedient all
Rise as he swells, and as he softens fall.
  So in the gardener's bed, one melon grows
To prouder size, and larger radius shows.
Around, the common melons huddled lie,
Receive no praise, attract no wondering eye.
But this, the mammoth, every foot arrests,
And all admire, though not a soul molests.
The smaller melons go for each one's need,
The children have them, or they run to seed.
But this great melon waits commencement day,

Mounts the tall cart, to Cambridge takes its way.
There, proud conclusion of its happy days,
A graduate's palate murmurs forth its praise.

But the tenth book claims our attention.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

An imperial levee—Poem presented—Destruction of all the governments, but the French—Abolition of the Christian religion, and the laws of morality—Final state of unbrided license and happy equality.

Mr. Lowbard discovers his versatile knowledge, in the minuteness with which he details the ceremonial of the levee. We cannot extract much of it, but will request the reader's attention to the following lines.

Lo the gay throngs about thy presence wait,
Power, rank, and wealth, the great ones of the state.
But see the unfolding crowd rolls back, to hail
The mighty herald of Columbia's tale.
He comes! he comes! the historian, poet, sage,
The deist, atheist, wonder of our age!
Cull all your flowers, weave all your wreaths, ye nine,
The glorious garland round his brows entwine.
But hear himself—" O! thou, whose sovereign sway
" Armys the land, and fleets the saltest sea!
" Accept my gift, too mean, I own, by half,
" A new Columbiad, nicely bound in calf.
" There have I praised thy power, thy deeds declared,
" And for thy conquest have the way prepared.
" Come then, oh come, subdue Columbia's fields,
" Reap the rich harvest, which the country yields.
" Her simple cities, with thy powers, invade,
" And seize the stores of merchandize and trade.
" O'er all the earth thy victor flag expand,
" Scour every sea, and overrun the land.
" Apply the axe, till every kingdom fall,
" And France and Frenchmen shall be all in all.

" Then shall the triumph of mankind commence,
" And priests and priestcraft flee from common sense.
" No art-formed chains shall then avail to bind
" The self-taught energies of reasoning mind.
" All law and rule shall vanish like a scroll,
" And reason reason be the world's great soul.
" O splendid days! how long thy glories wait,
" How dull the durance of our present state!
" Beneath the yoke of law our spirits groan,
" While power usurps our reason's proper throne.
" Mount thy long horse, oh time! and bring the day,
" When law and lawyers shall resign their sway,
" When reason's banner shall be all unfurled,
" And ci-devant sans cullotes rule the world."

THE CONCLUDING ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

THE deficiency of our subscription list has made it convenient to our publisher, that the present number be the last of the HARVARD LYCEUM. If it is to be considered as a rule, without exceptions, that patronage and merit are directly proportional, we must rest content in the conclusion, that we have received all the encouragement, that we have deserved, and that our paper is not worthy of continuance. After the laborious exertions of nine months, such a conclusion is a mortifying recompense, for the devotion of time, and the pains of composition. We therefore are solicitous, at parting with the publick, to defend ourselves from the application of this inference, and to assert higher claims, than we have been allowed. If in doing this, we should be betrayed into garrulity, let us at least avail ourselves of our old age, though it be premature, and be indulged in the utterance of complaints, which, as they do not ask for redress, cannot surely be importunate.

It may seem unnatural, that any one should studiously oppose a work, which has not received encouragement enough to support itself. But the world is full of inconsistencies, and we have found it one of them, that jealousy and envy have exerted all their ill offices, to depress that which was soon to sink by its own weakness. We have found those, who were jealous (God knows with how little reason) of the credit, which the Lyceum might reflect on its editors; but instead of detecting its faults, which are certainly abundant, have contented themselves with sneering at its writers, because their successours in the order of classes. In a place too where the bad passions should never come, in the sacred groves of Academus, we have witnessed the more ineffectual and consequently more contemptible emotions of an envious spirit, which has shown itself an unnatural foe to its literary *seniours*.

Such has been the treatment, which we have received, undeservingly we trust, from those of the sons of Alma Mater, who, standing in immediate proximity to us, should have been a force on the right hand and on the left of their brothers, to protect their reputation and assert their merit. From the publick at large we have received scarcely greater encouragement. We recommended in the Address, contained in our first number, to all, that would not buy something better with three dollars, to subscribe to the Lyceum. If this advice has been followed, we have no right to complain; but will regret that the notions of good and better are so indefinite. Though at this time, it is too late to advance the claims of our paper, we feel an honest pride in the *literary* character with which it has been invested. It has not joined the unchristian acrimony of political abuse, nor been filled with the pompous vanity of theatrical criticisms. The former is so unworthy the impartiality of the philosopher, the liberality of the scholar, and the courtesy of a gen-

tleman, that we have left it to those, who can make it the means of a livelihood; and the latter are so despicable in nature, in object, and we had almost said in subject, that they are suited only to the publications in which indeed they usually appear. It has been our aim that all our pieces should have at least a literary air; and though to attain this is manifestly impossible, and perhaps undesirable, the want of it has not been so frequent, as to produce any thing less pleasant than variety.

But we forbear to boast, for we have never been yet swelled with vanity, nor talked big words of self-importance. We have heard our praises from authority, which well might have inspired self-complacence; but have heard them with humility, that we did not better deserve them. We have kept an unsatisfied eye on the stationary insignificance of the list of our patrons, which has not been diverted by hearing the applause of those, who would commend but not subscribe, who would tell us their sense of our merit and their *hopes* for our success.

Still as the writing of the Lyceum has improved its authors, they cannot regret the time, which they have devoted to its numbers. This time has afforded them practice, which Pope said was the source of true ease, and these numbers have taught those, who had it yet to learn, that the poetico-bombastick style of newspaper eloquence, which has been often and liberally ascribed to college, is as little the defect of our execution, as the object of our ambition.

This is the first paper that ever was attempted by the students of Harvard. If it is not the last, it shall not be for want of our admonition. The legacy, which we leave to our collegiate posterity, is our advice that they enjoy all those exquisite pleasures, which literary seclusion affords, but that they do not strive to communicate them to others. And we would tell them that the world without cares for nothing but

politicks, and commerce, and news: that it is a money-making, quarrelsome world of Vandals: that it cannot understand their Latin nor their Greek, and that it thinks their English not worth reading: that it scorns their literature, and if it have any regard for their science, it is because it teaches to steer ships and to print newspapers.

To obscurity and to neglect then we commit the Lyceum. In obscurity and neglect it will find honourable company, and it may be satisfied with this lot, which though it awaits the most inferiour, is the fate too of the most learned productions. Where are the works of Chaldæan, of Persian, and of Egyptian wisdom? Ages have revolved since their utter perdition; and if in the sack of Alexandria it was their office to heat the baths of the Saracens, we may be content to cumber the shelves of the bookseller. Vain indeed is the triumph of the proudest monuments of genius; and the Lyceum after all may accept without murmuring the poor encouragement it has received. For if La Place's Mecanique Celeste, which is called the maximum of human abilities, and the trophy of human eminence, can be read but by twelve of the human race, surely we, whose sublimest ambition has been to flutter in the sunshine, and skim over the surface, may be satisfied that we have written what has been read, and sometimes too approved, by a hundred and fifty. This is the very solace of despair. But of this despair, and of its object, the Harvard Lyceum, we may truly say, that we banish the one as easily from our minds, as we dismiss the other forever from our presence.

FINIS.

MAR 10 1919

CLASS ODE OF 1859.

ONCE again has the earth lightly whirled round the sun
In the jubilant dance of the spheres;
Ever youthful, another bright gem she has won,
To flash in her circlet of years,
But our spring-tide is ebbing, our morning is o'er;
The moment of parting draws nigh,
And our Mother,—God bless her!—stands here at the door
To throw us a kiss and good-bye.

Like the arches and spires that with marble of frost
The Winter-elf builds on the pane,
Hope's castles may melt and in tear-drops be lost,
Ere our sun its proud zenith shall gain.
But Friendship has rung a sweet chime from her bells,
Whose echoes, when youth shall decay,
Like the music that lurks in the sighing sea-shells,
Will haunt us and cheer us for aye.

As the rain-drops that wed on the river's gray breast
Are divorced in the broad heaving main,
From the north and the south and the east and the west
We have met but to scatter again.
The noble old elm waits our time-honored song,
Let us join "hand to hand, heart to heart;"
We have laughed and been merry together full long,
But the summons is come, and we part.

Yet the friendships of youth, like the Pleiads that weave
Their soft meshes of splendor on high,
O'er our paths a bright glory of starlight will leave,
And smile all the gloom from our sky.
Oh cleave to the love that has hallowed the past,—
It shall hallow the future's long years!
For to-day, ere life blows her stern clarion blast,
We baptize it immortal with tears.

F. E. Abbot.

Boston Advertiser July 8 1870

CAMBRIDGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALLEN, D D.

Among the pleasant memories of my college life I recall the literary societies of which I became a member. At the commencement of our first term, in the autumn of 1807, we formed a mess, consisting of eight members, which was duly organized under a written constitution, with this appropriate motto:—

"Order is Heaven's first law, and 'tis confest,
That order used in Commons is the best."

The constitution was written by Gilman, and I remember one of the rules forbade the use at table of all profane and indecent language, under the penalty of four and a half pence for every violation of this rule. It was my duty to collect the fines, which, I am sorry to say, amounted to a sum sufficient to pay for a supper at Morse's at the close of the first term. Among my messmates was Robert Coffin, a son of Admiral Coffin of the British navy, who soon took up his connection to finish his college course at Oxford. The first literary society of which I became a member was formed in our Freshman year, with the classic name of "Aureus Ramus," a pleasant circle of ten or twelve, who met once in two weeks for improvement in composition. I may be mistaken, but I think it began and ended with the class of 1811.

Another secret society to which I was admitted in the last term of our Freshman year, was "The "Institute of 1770," and which, if I remember right, went by the name of "The Patriotic "Society." It consisted of fifteen or twenty members of each of the three upper classes, who met at Wythe's on the west side of the Common, for improvement in elocution. At the close of each term the presiding officer for that term was expected to deliver an oration, on which occasion honorary members were invited to be present. The society had a good library, and the regular meetings were well attended. A catalogue of members was published a few years since. New members were admitted each year from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and I well remember how astonished I was to receive a call one day at my room, No. 17 Hollis, from Samuel Bird, a junior, the first scholar in his class, who invited me to walk with him, and who communicated to me the gratifying intelligence that I had been elected as a member. This was termed "sounding" the new member. Mr. Bird was a remarkable young man. He was of age when he left his father's farm; fitted for college in seven months, stood at the head of his class, and graduated with the highest honors, but with impaired health and a hacking cough, which terminated in consumption. Soon after Commencement his friends sent him to Charleston, S. C., where he died the following winter. He was in his whole *physique*, as well as in his intellect, a model man.

Another literary society to which I was admitted at the close of the Sophomore year was the Hasty Pudding club; and it is pleasant to recall the savory dish with which we were regaled at our meetings as well as the literary exercises which followed. Those exercises consisted chiefly, I think, of *judicial trials*, the meetings being turned into courts of justice, conducted with all the formality of regular tribunals. At the close of each term an oration and poem were delivered by members of the society. Two of the poems delivered on these occasions,—one by Frothingham and the other by Damon, the former on "Magnanimity," the latter on "Turnpikes,"—were printed in the Harvard Lyceum, a periodical instituted by members of the Class of 1811. Damon's poem began with the lines:—

"Of turnpikes, turnpike gates, and taking toll,
Of roads, as plumb-line straight, or ten-foot pole."

The serio-comic description of these once popular roads contained in this poem, was quite entertaining and was listened to with much favor. Of the Porcellian Club I had no personal knowledge, not having had the honor of being admitted as a member. The societies of which I have given some account were all of a literary character, as was also that of the Phi Beta Kappa, into which we were admitted in the last part of the Junior year. Besides these, a club was formed in our Junior year by some ten or twelve members of our class, which received the name of "The Harvard Lyceum," who engaged to contribute articles for a periodical—the first, I believe, of its kind, and went by the name of "The "Harvard Lyceum." Its chief contributors were Everett, Fuller, Frothingham, Damon, Gilman, some of whose articles were highly creditable to their authors. It lasted but nine months, and died for want of patronage. Some of the articles by its chief contributor, Mr. Everett, bear unmistakable marks of the genius and scholarship for which he was distinguished. Among the wittiest of his contributions was a mock review of an imaginary heroic poem, "The AD, by "Joel Lowbard"—being an imitation or travesty of Barlow's "Columbiad," a splendid edition of which, in quarto, had just been published. A brief extract, relating to the mode of conveyance from Cambridge to Boston in those days, may afford entertainment to your readers:—

"This," [meaning the Cambridge stage, which went to Boston and returned twice a day,]
"This (when some Saturday, whose darling day
Opes College gates, and points the unwinded way,
Bids each smart student toss his logic down,
Brush his best coat, and road him into town,)
Flings wide its doors, and on three seats bestows
Fifteen fat folks, and sadly bids them close.
The bare-bone beasts nor lash nor handle mind,
Lag the lean leg, and heave the broken wind.
In vain the chirrup cheers them on their way,
Nor eats their spirits spur, nor English hay.
Sad, salt, marsh mowings make their morning mites,
Their niggard noonings, and their nips at nights."

Northboro', July 1, 1870.